had succeeded in regaining complete control over the standing army. This raised the question: Could the Duma win the soldiers over to its side?

Soon after the elections I wrote an article in the Bolshevist monthly paper, *The Proletarian*, suggesting that the Duma initiate legislation to improve the material and moral conditions of men in the armed forces. After this was published, a university student, Sapotnitsky, who represented the military organization in the St. Petersburg Committee, told me that his group was planning to approach the S-D deputies in the Duma and ask for action along the lines I had suggested. He invited me to a conference of his men with the S-D member of the Duma, Gerus.

The meeting took place in a dormitory of a polytechnic school in a remote suburb. Some twenty persons were present—about half in military uniform, neatly dressed, with cleanly shaved faces. Two or three wore glasses. Obviously they were not rank-and-file privates, but regimental pharmacists, staff clerks, musicians. Gerus was a slow-moving, slow-speaking man in his late thirties. Other civilians were mainly students (of both sexes), secretaries of the military organization. The representative of the organization introduced the deputy to the group. Then Gerus invited the soldiers to report their grievances. They spoke with sincerity and restraint. The discussion was interrupted by an alarm that proved to be false. On the way back to the city I talked with Gerus about the plans of the organization. He thought it should first present a petition to the S-D deputies and it was agreed that I would write a draft.

On May 4, I handed the draft to the representative of the organization. It summarized the grievances the soldiers had presented to Gerus and outlined the action they expected from the Duma. The next day I learned that the organization had approved it. All was settled: in the evening the soldiers would go to the S-D group of the Duma.

The same night the police raided the apartment of my parents. This was not the first raid in our home, and we were prepared for it. I did not keep any illegal papers at home, and my mother always had refreshments ready for the night raiders—liqueurs and caviar for the officers, vodka and snacks for the enlisted men. In this way we were sure that the police would leave the apartment, and especially my father's library, in order.

The officers were very polite. Their superior complained:

"These are difficult times. One sleepless night after another. . . . They send us here and there, into such houses as yours. What logical thing can one find in such a fine place?"

"What 'logical' things are you looking for?" I asked him.